

NO. 3496.

First National Bank,

NORTH PLATTE, NEB.



Capital, - - - \$50,000.00.
Surplus, - - - \$22,500.00

E. M. F. LEFLANG, Pres't.,
ARTHUR McNAMARA,
Cashier.

A General Banking Business Transacted.

A. F. STREITZ, DRUGGIST.

Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils,
PAINTERS' SUPPLIES,
WINDOW GLASS, MACHINE OILS,
Diamanta Spectacles.

Deutsche Apotheke.

Corner of Spruce and Sixth-sts.



FRANKLIN PEALE'S
WALL-PAPER, PAINT AND OIL DEPOT.
WINDOW GLASS, VARNISHES, GOLD LEAF, GOLD
PAINTS, BRONZES, ARTISTS' COLORS AND BRUSHES, PIANO AND
FURNITURE POLISHES, PREPARED HOUSE AND BUGGY PAINTS,
KILN-DRYED MATERIAL, WINDOW SHADES.
ESTABLISHED JULY 1868. 310 SPRUCE STREET.

F. J. BROECKER. A Fine Line of Piece
Goods to select from.
First-class Fit. Excel-
lent Workmanship.
MERCHANT TAILOR.

NORTH PLATTE PHARMACY.
Dr. N. McCABE, Prop., J. E. BUSH, Manager.
NORTH PLATTE, - - NEBRASKA

We aim to handle the Best Grades of
Goods, sell them at Reasonable
Figures, and Warrant Everything
as Represented.

Orders from the country and along the line of the Union
Pacific railway respectfully solicited.

JOS. F. FILLION,
PLUMBING,
Steam and Gas Fitting.

Cesspool and Sewerage a Specialty. Copper and Galvanized Iron Cor-
nice. Tin and Iron Roofings.
Estimates furnished. Repairing of all kinds receive prompt attention
Locust Street, Between Fifth and Sixth,

North Platte, - - - Nebraska.

GUYS PLACE
FINEST SAMPLE ROOM IN NORTH PLATTE

Having refitted our rooms in the finest of style, the public
is invited to call and see us, insuring courteous treatment.

Finest Wines, Liquors and Cigars at the Bar.
Our billiard hall is supplied with the best make of tables
and competent attendants will supply all your wants.
KEITH'S BLOCK, OPPOSITE THE UNION PACIFIC DEPOT

The Semi-Weekly Tribune.

IRA L. BARE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One Year, cash in advance, \$1.25.
Six Months, cash in advance, 75 Cents.
Entered at the North Platte (Nebraska) postoffice as
second-class matter.

The district fair is a good thing—keep pushing it along. It is an enterprise that will benefit the whole of western Nebraska.

SOME weather makers claim that we are to have five feet of snow this winter in Nebraska. We hope they are correct. That much snow distributed in six inch falls means a crop next year. Let 'er snow.

In selecting W. L. Park for president of the West Nebraska Fair Association the delegates recognized a gentleman who is progressive, practical and an indefatigable worker in building up the interests of the irrigated section. If others interested in the fair put as much push into the enterprise as will Mr. Park, we have no fear of the outcome.

THE reporter who claims to have interviewed W. K. Vanderbilt in Belgium has evidently been a more or less direct pupil of Mr. Pulitzer's New York World school of journalism. Nothing short of a New York World nerve would permit a reporter to quote Mr. Vanderbilt as saying that Mr. Edison had perfected a flying torpedo to wipe out the English fleet, and that Mr. Cleveland is therefore "prepared for all eventualities."—Lincoln Journal.

CONGRESSMAN MEIKLEJOHN has announced that he will allow his name to go before the republican state convention as a candidate for governor, and this action seems to meet with favor among republicans all over the state. Mr. Meiklejohn is certainly a worthy man for the position, being level-headed, progressive and conscientious. His prominence in state politics together with his popularity and true republicanism makes him a vote getter.

THE "war cloud" which appeared on the horizon immediately following the president's Venezuelan message has not yet disappeared. The bill appropriating \$100,000 to defray the expenses of a commission to inquire into the disputed possessions or boundary lines has passed both houses and the president is now in position to name the persons who shall constitute the commission. Nobody desires war with England or her allies, but the American people almost to a unit support Cleveland in his position on the Monroe doctrine. That J. Bull is a greedy, grasping, blustering fellow there is no doubt, and it is only proper that this country should stand by its rights. That he would usurp our rights is evidenced by his actions in the Behring sea matters and right now is a good time for Uncle Sam to take a bold position and maintain it—even if war is necessary.

THE FOLLY OF THE WILSON IDEA.
So far as the textile industries are concerned, the whole tariff controversy is embodied in this question: Shall we clothe our people with fabrics made in our own mills from our own fiber, or shall we permit the work to be done and the profits to be pocketed by foreigners? We supply the world with raw cotton, from American fields, and American mills can produce cotton fabrics equal to the best made anywhere; but last year we paid to Europeans \$33,000,000 for cotton goods. We grow wool of nearly every variety, and we can grow all varieties, in sufficient quantity for the needs of our population; but last year we imported \$36,000,000 of woolen fabrics no better than those we make at home. And, under a system of free wool, the value of American flocks shrank from \$37,000,000 in 1893 to \$22,000,000 in 1895. Thus, while much of our machinery is idle, much of our capital unproductive and many of our workmen are unemployed, American money is expended to speed European machinery, to give profit to European capital and work to European laborers. If it be true, as beyond all reach of successful dispute it is, that the highest degree of advantage for a nation accompanies the nearest approach to industrial independence, then we deliberately surrender advantage when we permit others to do for us the necessary work which we might do for ourselves. Possibly we may obtain some articles at lower cost by pursuing this policy; but the difference between the costs represents loss suffered by individual American producers and the nation as a whole. To buy certain fabrics at a slightly smaller price is not a compensation for the heavy losses following upon the idleness of workmen and the unproductiveness of American capital.—Textile Record.

AN ARTIST IN CRIME.

By RODRIGUEZ OTTOLENGUI
[Copyright, 1895, by G. P. Putnam & Sons.]

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER III.

MR. BARNES DISCOVERS AN ARTISTIC MURDER.

While the meal was progressing, a man silently passed through the room. No one would have guessed that he had any special motive in doing so, for he noticed no one. Neither would one have supposed that Mr. Barnes observed him, for he had his back turned. Yet this was the same individual who upon his instructions had followed Rose Mitchell when she left the train.

Breakfast over, the two men started to leave the restaurant. Reaching the stairway which leads above to the main floor, Mr. Barnes cautiously stood aside to allow his companion to ascend first. Mr. Mitchell, however, with a wave of the hand, declined and followed Mr. Barnes. Whether either had any special design in this was a thought occupying the minds of both as they silently passed up stairs. Mr. Mitchell had a slight advantage, in that being behind he could watch the detective. There seemed, however, to be little to see. To be sure the man who had passed through the restaurant was idly leaning against the doorway, but as soon as Mr. Barnes' head appeared, and certainly before he could have been noticed by Mr. Mitchell, he stepped out into the street, crossed over and disappeared into the bank building opposite. Had any signal passed between these two detectives? Mr. Mitchell, despite his shrewdness in sending Mr. Barnes up stairs ahead of him, saw none, yet this is what occurred:

Mr. Barnes said adieu and walked away. Mr. Mitchell stood in the doorway, gazing after him till he saw him enter the elevated railroad station; then, looking carefully about, he himself walked rapidly toward Sixth avenue. He did not glance behind, or he might have seen the man in the bank step out and walk in the same direction. They had been gone about five minutes when Mr. Barnes once more appeared upon the scene. He stopped in the doorway where the other detective had been leaning. Keenly scanning the paneling, his eye presently rested upon what he was seeking. Fairly written in pencil were the words "No. — East Thirtieth." That was all, but it told Mr. Barnes that Rose Mitchell had been followed to this address, and as it tallied with that which she herself had given to him he knew now that she could be found when wanted. Wetting his finger against the tip of his tongue, he drew it across the words, leaving nothing but a dirty smudge.

"Wilson is a keen one," thought the detective. "He did this trick well—saw my nod, wrote that address and got out of sight in an instant. I wonder if he can keep an eye on that shrewd scoundrel. Pshaw! I am giving the fellow too much credit. I must get it to Wilson for today anyway, as I must get through with this Pettingill matter." Half an hour later he was at headquarters talking with his assistants.

Meanwhile Wilson followed Mr. Mitchell to Broadway, then down to the Casino, where he stopped to buy tickets; then out again and down Broadway to the Fifth Avenue hotel, which he entered. He nodded to the clerk, took his key and passed upstairs. Evidently he lived there. Wilson, of course, had no further definite instructions. From Mr. Barnes' backward nod he had understood that he was to shadow this man, and, under the circumstances, it was his simple duty to do this until relieved by further orders. In these days of telephones it is easy enough to make hurried reports to headquarters and then continue the pursuit. The Fifth Avenue is not a promising place in which to watch a man, provided the man knows that he is being watched. It has three exits—one on Broadway and one each on Twenty-third and on Twenty-fourth street.

Wilson flattered himself that Mr. Mitchell was unsuspecting, and therefore whichever way he might leave the building he would first return his key at the desk. He consequently kept that point in view. Not half an hour had elapsed when his man appeared, gave up his key, as expected, and passed out by the Broadway door. Crossing the avenue he walked down the twenty-third street eastward. Wilson followed him cautiously, going through the park. At Third avenue Mr. Mitchell climbed the elevated stairway, and Wilson was compelled to do the same, though this brought him unpleasantly close. Both men took the same train, Mr. Mitchell in the first coach, Wilson in the last. At Forty-second street Mr. Mitchell left the train and crossed the bridge, but instead of taking the annex for the Grand Central depot, as one is expected to do, he slipped through the crowd to the main platform and took a train going back down town. Wilson managed to get the same train, but he realized at once that his man either knew that he was followed or else was taking extraordinary precautions. At Thirty-fourth street station the trick was repeated. Mr. Mitchell crossing over the bridge and then taking an up town train. What puzzled Wilson was that he could not detect that his man had noticed him. It seemed barely possible, as they had encountered crowds at both places, that he had escaped unobserved. He was more satisfied of this when at Forty-second street again Mr. Mitchell once more left the train, crossed the bridge, and this time went forward, taking the coach for the Grand Central. Evidently all the maneuvering had merely been prompted by caution, and not having observed his shadow the man was about to continue to his true destination. Mr. Mitchell had entered the coach by the first gate, and was seated quietly in the corner as Wilson passed on, going in by the gate at the opposite end. A moment later the guard slammed the gate at Wilson's end and pulled the bell rope. As quick as a flash Mr. Mitchell jumped up, and before he could be prevented had left the coach just as it started, carrying away Wilson, completely outwitted and dumfounded. As soon as the train stopped he darted down stairs and ran back toward the Third avenue station, but he knew it was useless, as it proved. He saw nothing of Mr. Mitchell.

Wilson was greatly disheartened, for he was most anxious to stand well with Mr. Barnes, his chief. Yet in revolving over the occurrences of the last half

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE



A gleam of triumph glistened in his eye. The janitor was sweeping from the pavement a light snow which had fallen in the early hours of the morning.

Mr. Barnes, without speaking to the man, walked into the vestibule and scanned the names over the letter boxes. None of them contained the one which he sought, but there was no card in No. 5. Recalling that in Wilson's report a light had disappeared from a window on the fifth floor, he knew that it could not be unoccupied. To get in he resorted to a trick often practiced by sneak thieves. He rang the bell of No. 1, and when the door silently swung open he walked in, apologizing to the servant on the first landing for having "rung the wrong bell," and proceeded up to the fifth floor. Here he rang the bell of the private hall belonging to that special apartment. He could have rung the lower bell of this apartment at the outset, but he wished to make it impossible for any one to leave after his signal announced visitors. He stood several minutes and heard no sound from within. A second pull at the bell produced no better results. Taking a firm hold of the doorknob, he slowly turned it, making not the slightest noise. To his surprise, the door yielded when he pressed, and in a moment he had passed in and closed it behind him. His first idea was that, after all, he had entered an empty apartment, but a glance into the room at the farther end of the hall showed him that it was a furnished parlor. He hesitated a moment, then walked stealthily toward that room, and, looking in, saw no one. He tiptoed back to the hall door, turned the key, took it from the lock and dropped it into his pocket. Again he passed forward to the parlor, this time entering it. It was elegantly and tastefully furnished. The windows opened on the street. Between them stood a cabinet writing desk, open, as though recently used. Beside it was an enamel piano lamp, possibly the same which had furnished the light which Wilson had suddenly missed several hours before. Opposite the windows a pair of folding glass doors communicated with an apartment beyond. These were closed. Peeping through a part of the pattern cut in the glass, Mr. Barnes could just distinguish the form of a woman in bed, her long hair hanging down from the pillow. This sight made him uncertain as to the next move. This was possibly Mrs. Rose Mitchell, as she had announced herself. She was asleep, and he had entered her apartment without any warrant for doing so. True, he looked upon her with some suspicion, but the most innocent frequently suffer in this way, and without better reason than he had he knew that he could not account legally for what he was doing.

As he stood by the glass doors cogitating he chanced to look down. Instantly his eye was attracted by that which made him shiver, as accustomed as he was to strange sights. It was a tiny red stream, which had managed to pass under the door and had then run along the edge of the carpet for the space of a few inches. Instantly he stopped, dipped his finger into it and then ejaculated under his breath:

"Blood and clotting."
Standing upright, he once more peered into the room. The figure in bed had not moved. Without further hesitation he slowly slid the doors apart. One glance within, and murmuring the single word "Murder!" Mr. Barnes was no longer slow in his actions. Stepping across a big pool of blood which stained the carpet, he stood at the side of the bed. He recognized the features of the woman who had claimed that she had been robbed of her diamonds. She seemed sleeping, save that there was an expression of pain on the features, a contraction of the skin between the eyebrows, and one corner of the mouth drawn aside, the whole kept in this position by the rigidity of death. The manner of her death was as simple as it was cruel. Her throat had been cut as she slept. This seemed indicated by the fact that she was clad in her nightgown. One thing that puzzled Mr. Barnes at once was the pool of blood near the door. It was fully six feet from the head of the bed, and while there was another just by the bedside, formed by blood which had trickled from the wound, running down the sheets and so dropping to the floor, the two pools did not communicate.

"Well," thought Mr. Barnes, "I am first on the scene this time, and no busybodies shall tumble things about till I have studied their significance."
This room had not been designed for a sleeping apartment, but rather as a dining room, which upon occasion could be opened into the parlor, converting the two into one. There was one window upon an airshaft, and in an angle was a handsome carved oak mantel, with fireplace below. Mr. Barnes raised the curtain over the window, letting in more light. Looking around he noticed almost immediately two things—first, that a basin stood on a washstand half filled with water, the color of which plainly indicated that the murderer had washed off telltale marks before taking his departure; second, that in the fireplace was a pile of ashes.

"The sounder has burned evidence against him and deliberately washed the blood from his person before going away. Let me see, what was it that Mitchell said, 'I should have stopped to

wash the stain from the carpet while fresh, and also from the dog's mouth.' That is what he told his friend he would do if bitten while committing a crime. In this instance the 'stain on the carpet' was too much for him, but he washed it from himself. Can it be that a man lives who, contemplating a deed of this character, would make a wager that he would not be detected? Bah! It is impossible." Thus thought Mr. Barnes as he studied the evidence before him. He next turned to the woman's clothing which lay on a chair. He rummaged through the pocket, but found nothing. In handling the petticoat he noticed that a piece had been cut from the band. Examining the other garments, he soon saw that the same had been done to them all. Like a flash, an idea struck him. Going over to the bed, he searched for some mark on the garments which were on the corpse. He could find none until he lifted the body up and turned it over, when he found that a piece had been cut from the nightgown.

"That accounts for the blood by the door," thought Mr. Barnes. "He took her out of the bed to get her nearer to the light, so that he could find the initials marked on the clothing. While she lay by the door the blood flowed and accumulated. Then he put her back in bed, so that he would not need to step over her in walking about the room. What a calculating villain! There is one significant fact here. Her name could have been Rose Mitchell, or there would have been no reason for destroying these marks, since she had given that name to several."

Mr. Barnes next brushed the charred ashes from the grate upon a newspaper and carried them to the window in the front room. His examination satisfied him of two things—the murderer had burned the bits of cloth cut from the various garments and also a number of letters. That the fellow was studiously careful was plain from the fact that the burning had been thoroughly done. Nothing had escaped the flame save two buttons with a bit of cloth attached and various corners of envelopes. With disgust Mr. Barnes threw the ashes back where he had found them.

Next he paid his attention to the cabinet desk, which stood open. He pulled out all the drawers and peered into every nook and cranny, but his search was fruitless. He found nothing but blank paper and envelopes, and these of common kind.

Once more returning to the room where the corpse lay he noticed a trunk from which protruded a part of a garment. Raising the lid he found everything within in a promiscuous pile. Evidently it had been hastily searched and carelessly repacked. Mr. Barnes took each article out and examined it closely. Everything upon which a name might have been written showed a place where a piece had been cut out. "There must be some good reason for hiding this woman's identity, or the sounder would not have been so thorough in his work," thought Mr. Barnes. Just then, in replacing the clothing, he heard a creaking sound which indicated that a bit of paper was in the pocket of the garment. Hastily he withdrew it, and was delighted to observe writing. "A clew at last," he murmured, hurrying to the front room window to read it. This was what he found:

LIST OF JEWELS.
One diamond, 15 1/2 carats..... \$15,000
One emerald, 16 1/2 carats..... 10,000
One ruby, 12 1/2 carats..... 20,000
One sapphire, 10 carats..... 5,000
One pearl, pear shaped, white..... 15,000
One pearl, pear shaped, black..... 10,000
One pearl, white, egg shaped..... 5,000
One pearl, black, egg shaped..... 5,000
One emerald diamond..... 5,000
One topaz, 200 carats..... \$100,000

The ten jewels are all perfect specimens of their kind. The first four are cut exactly alike. The pear shaped pearls are similar in size and shape, as are also the egg pearls. The emerald diamond is oblong and the topaz uncut.

The lot are contained in a red Russia leather case 4 by 6 inches in size, lined with black satin. Each jewel fits in a special depression and is held in place by a gold wire clasp.

The case has the name "MITCHELL" in gold letters across the band which straps around it. This was all, no name being signed. Mr. Barnes regretted this last fact, but felt that he held a most important paper in his hand, since it seemed to be corroborative of the woman's statement that she had lost a lot of unset jewels. It was of great value to have so minute a description of the stolen gems. Folding the papers carefully, he placed it in his wallet, and then returned to the vicinity of the corpse.

Looking closely at the cut in the neck, the detective determined that the assassin had used an ordinary pocket-knife, for the wound was neither deep nor long. It severed the jugular vein, which seemed to have been the aim of the murderer. It was from this circumstance that the detective decided that the woman had been attacked as she slept. This aroused the question, "Did the murderer have the means of entering the house without attracting attention?" Either he must have had a key, or else some one must have admitted him. Mr. Barnes started as he thought of this. Mitchell entered the house some time before the scream was heard and departed some time after. Was this the woman who had accompanied him to the theater? If so, how could she have retired and fallen asleep so quickly? Evidently further light must be thrown upon this aspect of the case.

While meditating the detective's eye roamed about the room, and finally rested upon a shining object which lay on the floor near the trunk. A ray of light from the front window just reached it and made it glitter. Mr. Barnes looked at it for some moments mechanically, stooping presently to pick it up. With little thought of what he did, he had scarcely examined it, however, before a gleam of triumph glistened in his eye. He held in his hand a button, which was cut a cameo, upon which was carved the profile head of a woman, beneath which appeared the name "Juliet."

[CONTINUED ON THIRD PAGE.]